Move On by BarbarianBillyHargrove

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Summary:

Steve's really fucked this one up. Billy's ignoring his feelings again. (A college in California AU that no one asked for)

Move On

Getting laid never used to be this complicated. Not that he hasn't had the opportunity- he's been hit on four times since he walked into this shithole. Normally he would be all over two of those guys, but Billy couldn't seem to get in the mood. He would get so far with someone, eventually they would offer to take him home for the night and he just couldn't bring himself to go. He could still feel Harrington's hands on his skin when he thought about going through with it.

It's been a week since they last talked. Meeting outside of Hawkins had actually been good for both of them, so after a shaky attempt at peace and a couple of beers they became "friends." Billy almost laughed at the concept of having one. He was getting better since being away from Neil, and Steve apparently had his own demons with the town that he wouldn't talk about. So, they made it work- usually with the help of a good buzz or some weed that Steve always seemed to have on him. God knows Billy needed the company, and if Harrington did too then who was he to turn down King Steve's presence.

They were fine for the first five months. Only a couple arguments here or there; never anything huge. Then they decided it was a great idea to get shit-faced together on a trip to one of the beaches- discover new stuff about each other and all that garbage. And discover they did. Steve learned about Neil, about his mother and her death. Billy learned about some shady government experiments gone wrong- though he was clearly missing some pieces of that story. That dead girl couldn't be the only reason he popped Xanax practically like candy.

He also found out that Harrington wasn't as straight as everyone assumed, though he was certainly as hung. Even if he wasn't sober enough to remember everything they talked about, Billy's ass could certainly attest to that fact.

Waking up that morning had been a slap in the face, or more like a kick in the junk. Steve wasn't up for more than a night's fun apparently. Billy found that ironic considering he was usually the asshole on that side of things. Maybe he just wasn't destined to have anyone. Billy snorted at that thought. Destiny. His mother had believed in that shit. Look where that got her.

He took another shot and decided that he would go home with the

next guy who was half-decent looking and offering. He had to get over Steve, this was getting pathetic. Of course, thinking that and actually doing something about it are two different things.
Another ten minutes passed, and Billy was ready to go home. He wasn't getting anywhere with this. Hilariously, that's when Steve sat down next to him at the bar and started fidgeting with his sunglasses.
Billy ordered another shot.
Steve fidgeted.
Billy drank.
Steve opened his mouth. Then he shut it again.
This was getting old.
"King Steve. Need something?"
Steve snorted and shook his head, "I thought we were past that shit."
Billy waited. He ordered another shot. The waiter put it on the table and Steve downed it before he could touch it.
"That's going on your tab," Billy snapped.
"I wanna talk," Steve mumbled with his head in his hand, the other still playing with his sunglasses.
Billy wasn't supposed to be listening to this. He was supposed to be getting over him. King Steve was clearly not interested. He was going to walk away with his dignity still partially intact. It's going to happen. Any second now.
"What's there to talk about?" Fuck, "I thought we were good, no strings." Walk away. Do it. No- you're a dumb-ass.
Steve looked up from his hands to look him in the eyes for the first time since he left him alone and miserable in that bed. "Don't do that. I shouldn't have said that shit and we both know it."
"A lot of people say things they shouldn't around me. Why's this any different? It was honest and who gives an actual fuck if you should have said it or not?" Billy was getting pissed, "I can take your pansy-ass excuses. No need to explain. You were very clear and it's not the worst shit I've had to hear if you can recall that from our little... little- pity fest!"
"That's another reason we have to talk! I shouldn't have done that, especially not knowing about that shit! And it wasn't even true- you're wrong about that."
Billy choked on his sixth-or-so shot of the night and started laughing.
"Billy… you didn't deserve that. What are you doing? Wait, come back. Billy!"
Billy left the money for his tab on the counter and shrugged off

Steve's hand on his arm. He had to get out of here. This whole thing was a mistake. Steve followed him.
"Come on, Billy. Hear me out," Billy walked outside and lit up a cigarette, trying his hardest to ignore him. He was never very good at ignoring King Steve though.
Steve looked at him in shock when he turned around suddenly. He pointed his fingers to Steve's chest in mimic of how Steve tried to stop him all those years ago when he crossed the line from 'generic asshole' to 'just like his father.'
Billy was choking again; he couldn't figure why, he was used to this. It's just how people treated him. For a while it was all he knew. Why was he so bothered now?
"I thought this was different, you know," Billy started, "thought you were different. I thought 'Steve Harrington doesn't have an evil, fucked-up bone in his body.' I figured I could use somebody on my side for once."
"I am on your side!"
"Then what the actual fuck was that absolute bullshit?" Billy pushed him back a couple inches and stomped out his cig on the pavement.
Steve winced, and Billy felt disgusting. He was trying not to do that shit anymore. He was tired of scaring people. He took a deep breath and rubbed his temples before continuing, "Why would you say that? 'I'm not like you, you fucking faggot.' That came out of your mouth. This isn't on me, for once. This is on you. What, did King Steve finally decide to come back after all this time? Just needed a good fuck to set him back on his pedestal? I guess I finally met him, it's my fault honestly. I guess I shouldn't have pushed you."
Steve was shaking his head, and then forced Billy to stop suddenly when he… hugged him? It took a few minutes for Billy's brain to reboot. He needed Steve off of him. Now. He shoved him and watched him stumble.
"What the fuck is your problem? Do you need another lay or something? What is your deal Steve?"
Billy was jittery now. He could feel his hands shaking and he was out of cigarettes. Steve offered one silently.
"I'm good thanks."
"Just take the damn thing, Billy."
He took it without comment. Steve sighed and ran his hand through his hair.
"Look. I know I was an ass- don't roll your eyes, just listen- I know I

was an asshole. I shouldn't have said that. It wasn't true, and it was gross as fuck. I don't even like hearing that word, for god's sake Will is gay. I'm just used to hearing it. I panicked, I was hungover, and I didn't know what to do."
Billy stopped him by blowing smoke into his face, "Is there an actual excuse worth hearing here, or are you just trying to let me down easy? Because either way it's not working."
"Billy, I'm not trying to let you down, I'm trying to fix this," Steve threw his hands in the air and looked at him with exasperation, "You're not the only one who ever needs to fix things. You finished apologizing a while ago, it's my turn now."
Billy just stood there, "What?"
Steve looked at him like he had suddenly declared his love for tits, "Has no one ever apologized to you before?"
"Not really, but I'm more stuck on the concept of you wanting to fix this. Are you seriously trying to get into my pants again?"
Steve just looked at him for a couple of seconds, "No, I don't know, maybe eventually? Stop walking away from me. I'm trying to say sorry."
Billy was raging now. Steve tried to say more but Billy grabbed him and pulled him into the alley behind the club. He pushed him up against the wall of the building and pressed their bodies together as close as he could get them, "Do you want this Stevie? Missing it already?" He pushed his hips into Steve's and put out his smoke on the wall next to his head, "I'm not someone who fucks around with guys who think they're not gay just because 'it was a one-time thing'. You can say it all you want, princess, but it doesn't make it true," Billy grabbed ahold of Steve's hair and brought him down to slot their lips together. He wanted Steve to regret losing him. He wanted to haunt him for months. Billy refused to be the only one suffering in this situation.
Steve kissed him back like he wasn't sure how to respond. He didn't put up a fight, it was like he was giving Billy anything he wanted. And Billy took it. He owned King Steve's mouth like it was his dying wish. And Steve… Steve cradled his face with both of his hands, like he meant something to him. Billy wouldn't stand for that. He slid Steve's hands from his face. Steve responded by curling one into his hair and rubbing circles into his hip with the other. He fought against the tongue invading his mouth and tried to slow everything. Billy pulled his hair in retaliation and tried to slide one of his hands into

Steve's boxers. Steve bit Billy's lip and put his open palm on the boy's chest, "Stop. We can't do this."
"Why not? Still not gay?" Billy went for his mouth again, but Steve turned his head, "What's the problem pretty boy? It's certainly not this," Billy slid his thigh against where Steve's pants were tented.
Steve pushed him back, and this time Billy let him, "The problem is I don't want it like this. I don't want it in a fucking alley in the middle of the night."
"You wanna be a pampered bitch is what I'm hearing."
Steve pushed Billy so that their positions were switched. He was holding him against the wall by his hands fisted in his jacket, "Shut up! Billy! Listen to me! You hurt people before they can hurt you. It's what you do, ok? And I'm sorry because I did it too. I shouldn't have yelled at you," Steve slid one of his hands up to hold Billy's face, "It wasn't my first time with a man, you're wrong about that, but it was the first time since Nancy that someone mattered, okay?"
Steve took a shuddering breath, "I just didn't want to get hurt again. I care too much sometimes. I got scared that you wouldn't want me, and I decided to end things before you could," he let go of Billy's jacket to put both of his hands on the other's face.
Billy watched his face for lies, for any sign of it being a joke. His eyes were burning, he hated dealing with this kind of shit. He looked at the ground. He nudged Steve back a little, just so he could cross his arms. When he felt like he could talk without snapping he asked, "What do you want from me, Steve?"
"I want to take you out, no clubs, or bars. A restaurant, with no alcohol. I want to know you better. I don't want to fuck this up before we even get anywhere," Steve reached for his hand, "I just want another start."
Billy took a minute. He calmed himself down. He didn't want to mess up another good thing in his life, so he ignored his father's voice in his head, and he took Steve's hand, "Don't fuck it up."
Steve didn't laugh, "I don't plan on it."

Author's Note:

> I wrote this as a drabble on tumblr and it somehow got much longer. I might continue it. I'm not sure yet. It's my first fic. My tumblr is the same as my username here so come talk to me sometime.